

25 Aug. '44

Hi darling,

This will have to be a short one as I am quite tired tonite. We've been back at it again, working 12 hr. shifts, and have been very busy. Today was particularly tiring as the cases were all desperately injured, and the surgery was exacting. We have had some spectacular results in seemingly hopeless situations, and are holding our thumbs for the continued progress of the boys. In spite of all I've seen, I still get affected by the sight of the terrible injuries they have. Courageous in the face of these wounds, they always say "O.K." when you ask them how they're doing; stoical in pain; and grateful for what you are doing. One of the greatest thrills in the world is when you see one of the boys evacuated after 10 or 12 days, doing fine, and you know he'll go on to get well, when the night he came in with gaping injuries, washed out, in shock, looking as if his every breath would be his last, you couldn't believe he had a chance. Even war surgery has its moments.

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